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Beethoven.

PROLOGUE, written and recited by WILLIAM W. STORY at the Inauguration of the Statue in the Boston Music Hall, March 1, 1856.

Lift the veil;—the work is finished;—fresh created from the hands
Of the artist,—grand and simple, there our great Beethoven stands.
Clay no longer—he has risen from the buried mould of earth,
To a golden form transfigured by a new and glorious birth.
Art hath bid the evanescent pause and know no more decay;
Made the mortal shape immortal, that to dust has passed away.
There's the brow by thought o'erladen, with its tempest of wild hair;
There the mouth so sternly silent and the square cheeks seamed with care;
There the eyes so visionary, straining out, yet seeing naught
But the inward world of genius, and the ideal forms of thought;
There the hand which gave its magic to the cold, dead, ivory keys,
And from out them tore the struggling chords of mighty symphonies
There the figure, calm, concentrated, on its breast the great head bent;—
Stand forever thus, great master! thou thy fittest monument.
Poor in life, by friends deserted, through disease and pain and care,
Bravely, stoutly hast thou striven, never yielding to despair;
High the claims of Art upholding; firm to Freedom; in a crowd,
Where the highest bent as courtiers, speaking manfully and loud.
In thy silent world of deafness, broken by no human word,
Music sang with voice ideal, while thy listening spirit heard,
Tones consoling and prophetic, tones to raise, refine and cheer,
Deathless tones that thou hast garnered to refresh and charm us here.
And for all these riches priceless, all these wondrous gifts of thine,
We have only Fame's dry laurel on thy careworn brow to twine.
We can only say, Great Master, take the homage of our heart;
Be the High Priest in our temple, dedicate to thee and Art.
Stand before us, and enlarge us with thy presence and thy power,
And o'er all Art's depths and shallows light us like a beacon-tower.
In the mighty realm of Music there is but a single speech,
Universal as the world is, that to every heart can reach.
Thou within that realm art monarch, but the humblest vassal there
Knows the accents of that language when it calls to war or prayer.
Underneath its world-wide Banyan, friends the gathering nations sit;
Red Sioux and dreamy German dance and feast and fight to it.
When the storm of battle rages, and the brazen trumpet blares,
Cheering on the serried tumult, in the van its meteor flares.
Sings the laurelled song of conquest, o'er the buried comrade walls,
Plays the peaceful pipes of shepherds in the lone Etrurian vales;
Whispers love beneath the lattice, where the honey-suckle elings;
Crows the bowl and cheers the dancers, and its peace to sorrow brings;—
Nature knows its wondrous magic, always speaks in tune and rhyme;
Doubles in the sea the heaven, echoes on the rocks the chime.
All her forests sway harmonious, all her torrents lisp in song;
And the starry sphere makes music, gladly journeying along.
Thou hast touched its mighty mystery, with a finger as of fire;
Thrilled the heart with rapturous longing, bade the struggling soul aspire;
Through thy daring modulations, mounting up o'er dizzy stairs

Of harmonic change and progress, into high Elysian airs,
Where the wings of angels graze us, and the voices of the spheres
Seem not far, and glad emotions fill the silent eyes with tears.
What a vast, majestic structure thou hast builded out of sound,
With its high peak piercing Heaven, and its deep base underground.
Vague as air, yet firm and real to the spiritual eye,
Seamed with fire its cloudy bastions far away uplifted lie,—
Like those sullen shapes of thunder we behold at close of day,
Piled upon the far horizon, where the jagged lightnings play.
Awful voices, as from Hades, thrill us, growling from its heart:
Sudden splendors blaze from out it, cleaving its black walls apart.
White winged birds dart forth and vanish, singing, as they pass from sight.
Till at last it lifts, and 'neath it lets a blaze of amber light
Where some single star is shining, throbbing like a new born thing,
And the earth, all drenched in splendor, hears its happy voices sing.
Topmost crown of Ancient Athens towered the Phidian Parthenon;
Upon Freedom's noble Forehead, Art, the starry jewel, shone,
Here a yet in our Republic, in the furrows of our toil,
Slowly grows Art's timid blossom 'neath the heavy foot of toil.
Spurn it not—but spare it, nurse it, till it gladden all the land;
Hail to-day this seed of promise, planted by a generous hand—
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given, nobly planned.
Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of Art—
Use must borrow robes from Beauty, life must rise above the mart.
Faith and love are all ideal, speaking with a music tone—
And without their touch of magic, labor is the Devil's own.
Therefore are we glad to greet thee, master artist, to thy place,
For we need, in all our living, Beauty and ideal grace,
Mostly here, to lift our nation, move its heart and calm its nerve,
And to round life's angled duties to imaginative curves.
Mid the jarring din of traffic, let the Orphic tone of Art
Lull the barking Cerberus in us, soothe the cares that gnaw the heart.
With thy universal language, that our feeble speech transcends,
Wing our thoughts that creep and grovel, come to us when speaking ends,—
Bear us into realms ideal, where the cant of common sense
Dins no more its heartless maxims to the jingling of its pence;
Thence down dropped into the Actual, we shall on our garments bear
Perfume of an unknown region, beauty of celestial air;
Life shall wear a nobler aspect, joy shall greet us in the street;
Earthy dust of low ambition shall be shaken from our feet.
Evil spirits that torment us, into air shall vanish all,
And the magic-harp of David soothe the haunted heart of Saul.
As of yore the swart Egyptians rent the air with choral song,
When Osiris' golden statue triumphing they bore along;
As along the streets of Florence, borne in glad procession, went
Cimabue's famed Madonna, praised by voice and instrument,
Let our voices sing thy praises, let our instruments combine,
Till the hall with triumph echo, for the hour and place are thine.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

[From the Analytical and Historical Programme of the London Philharmonic Concert, July 11, 1870.]

The history of this most important, most original, and most noble work, refers to periods extending over more than thirty years of the composer's life. Mr. Grove—whose researches on the subject of BEETHOVEN are as wide as their result is interesting—traces, in a letter, of 1793, to Schiller's sister, that the great artist, already then in his twenty-third year, contemplated an extensive setting of the *Ode to Joy*. Hence, we may assume that the poem was a favorite with

the musician in his earliest days, probably that he knew it by heart in childhood, and that the project of rendering anew its ideas in music was a consequence of his being penetrated with the full spirit of the composition. Evidence has not come to light that Beethoven at this time made any progress in the intended work, or indeed began it. Whatever may have happened in the interim, he entered seriously on the long-purposed task about the year 1811-12, when he wrote down some indications of the plan of the work, and even some melodic sketches for the setting of the first words, in a book containing memoranda for the Symphonies in A and in F. These interesting fragments are printed by Thayer, as are also some other drafts of music to the words—different entirely from the finally adopted theme—dating from September, 1822. Meanwhile according to Nottebohm, the Symphony was begun in 1817, and Mr. Cipriani Potter's recollection of having seen some sketches for it, when he was with Beethoven in that year, corroborates the statement. A vote of the Philharmonic Society of November 10, 1822, offered the sum of £50 to the master for the composition of a Symphony; and he seems to have destined the work he had in progress, for the fulfilment of this commission. His letter to Ferdinand Ries (then in London) of April 25, 1823, has this passage: "I am, besides, far from well, owing to my many troubles—weak eyes among others. But do not be uneasy, you shall shortly receive the Symphony; really and truly, my distressing condition is alone to blame for the delay." Writing to the same, September 5, 1823, Beethoven says, "The Copyist to-day at last finished the score of the Symphony; so Kirchhoffer and I are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to send it off." From this, it is certain that the composition had, in September, been some time finished, and it is probable that it was completed in the preceding April; the non-production of the work in England until after its performance in Vienna was therefore consequent upon some causes that are not apparent, causes in which the author of the Symphony was not concerned. The Vienna performance took place, May 7, 1824, at a concert given by Beethoven, when the Mass in D was also first produced. It had been long since the artist had personally appeared, or had produced any work in public; it was generally known that he had composed these two extraordinary masterpieces; his always increasing deafness, his bad state of health, and his constant apprehension of pecuniary difficulties, made him ever more and more irritable, and this state of mind led him to suppose himself slighted by the public and even by his friends; the latter, therefore, as much to appease him as to gratify their own earnest interest in the works, sent him a letter, with thirty signatures of the most notable musicians and music lovers in the Austrian capital, requesting him to bring his new music before the world. The concert was given in compliance with this request, but was delayed by many vexations, which, perhaps, were aggravated by Beethoven's susceptible and, at that time, suspicious temper. He himself was present, indicating the times of the movements to Umlauf, the conductor, but unable to hear the music or even the vehement applause it drew from the enthusiastic audience. Madame Sabatier, (then Middle Ungher), who sang one of the solo parts, repeated, when she was here last season, the too well known story of his sad insensibility to the general demonstration of delight, which could not reach him through his ears. The Symphony was played in London at the Philharmonic Concert of March 21, 1825, when Madame Caradori, Miss Goodhall, Mr. Vaughn, and Mr. Phillips were the singers, and Sir George Smart

conducted. In April, 1825, an advertisement inviting subscriptions for the publication of the Symphony appeared in the 'Cæcilia,' a German musical periodical; and, in a far later number of the same, it is announced as one of the publications issued by Messrs. Schott, of Mayence, during the months of April, May and June, 1826; whence it is positive the work was not printed for more than a year after it had been played in London, but yet appeared while the composer was yet alive to supervise its publication. In February, 1826, suffering from most painful fear of real want, during his last illness, Beethoven appealed, through Moscheles and Sir George Smart, to the Philharmonic Society, requesting the fulfilment of an offer that had once been made to him, to give a concert for his benefit; avoiding the delay this would have occasioned, the Society immediately voted him the sum of £100, in acknowledgment which, on the 18th of March, Beethoven dictated as follows:—"Say to these worthy men, that if God restores me to health, I shall endeavor to prove the reality of my gratitude by my actions. I therefore leave it to the Society to choose what I am to write for them—a Symphony (the tenth) lies fully sketched in my desk, and likewise a new Overture and some other things."

I beg you will deliver the mentioned ninth Symphony to the Society.") Eight days after dictating this, the mighty master was no more.

As the choral division of the work is the most novel in purpose, and the least obvious in design, the concise description of its plan may not to some readers be unacceptable. The form in which it is cast is analogous to that of the last movement of the Eroica, being a series of contrapuntal elaborations upon a simple melodious theme; and the surmise is warrantable that the complete artistic success of that earlier great composition prompted the author to have again recourse to the same means, and gave him just reliance on his own power to apply them. What is here, for the first time, styled the *Instrumental Introduction*, is, like the Tutti of a Concerto, a kind of epitome of what follows from the entry of the voices, and is also a link to connect the Finale with the foregoing three movements. The Presto is a prelude to the long passage for the basses, which is directed to be played *selon le caractère d'un Recitativo, mais in Tempo*. This quasi recitative is interspersed with short allusions to the first Allegro, the Scherzo, and the Adagio; and these indicate a designed relationship between the feelings expressed in those divisions of the Symphony, and in the last movement. The theme is then given by the unaccompanied basses. This is followed by three Variations—the word is used in its highest sense, as signifying the most skillful and imaginative gloss upon a Cantus Firmus—the first being for the Violoncellos and Violas in unison against an independent melody for the double basses, the second being an intricate piece of four-part counterpoint for all the string instruments, and the third employing the full orchestra. After some extension of the last, the prelude Presto recurs, and introduces the solo voice with a compression of the previous instrumental Recitative. Then, strictly, the Ode begins. The first stanza is set as a bass solo to the melody for which, as it should seem, Beethoven had been for thirty years in unsuccessful search, when the late fruit richly repaid his patient endurance; the second stanza is set to a comparatively simple, and the third to a more florid variation upon this, both for the four solo voices, and both totally unlike the Variations in the Introduction; the second strain of all these three is repeated by the chorus. In the fourth stanza, the musician seizes on the poet's metaphor, and shows us a glittering array of triumphant heroes returning in all the joy of conquest from a glorious success. The structure of this Variation involves not the notes alone, but the essential spirit of the theme. A solo tenor sings through the march of the military instruments, and is afterwards joined by the male chorus. There follows a long passage of fugal character, without voices, whose subject is an off-shoot of the previous Variation, which is made the groundwork of a double

counterpoint. Then the first stanza recurs, the melody being assigned in simple notes to the chorus, and the instruments having a florid counterpoint against it, which gives it an effect as vigorous as brilliant. The allusion to the Deity in the following stanza, gives occasion for change of key measure and tempo, and for the happy contrast of the ecclesiastical style. The same purpose is continued in the setting of the second quatrain of the same stanza, with still greater solemnity of manner and even more devotional character. The first stanza is then again resumed, and the theme set to it is wrought together with that to which the words "O ye millions, I embrace ye," are adapted. Thenceforward to the end, through the several changes of tempo, no new ideas are presented, but those which already have been heard are developed with such variety as makes the peroration of this grand discourse the most exciting and impressive portion of the whole, and exalts the joyous expression of the piece to true sublimity.

Beethoven's Choral Fantasia.

This piece was first heard at the author's concert in Vienna, December 22, 1808, when he himself sustained the pianoforte part. It was thus described:—"Fantasia on the Pianoforte, which concludes with the gradual entrance of the whole orchestra, and at last of the full chorus, as Finale." The Fantasia was first printed in July, 1811. Sketches for the composition are found in the same book with those for the Symphony in C minor and for the Quartets, Op. 18, which Thayer refers to the year 1809. The chief theme of the Fantasia belongs, however, to a yet earlier period. It constitutes one movement of a song called "Sighs of an unloved one," set to a poem by Bürger, and the words apportioned to it begin thus:

"Wüsst' ich, wüsst' ich dass du mich
lieb und werth ein Bißchen hieltest."

This was composed in or near 1795, while Beethoven was studying under Albrechtsberger.

One may amplify, but cannot invalidate, the composer's original description of the Fantasia. The German acceptance of the title should be taken into account, as signifying an improvisation, or, if not literally this, the appropriating to written composition of such freedoms of the fantasy as would necessarily characterize an extemporaneous performance. Truly of this nature is the long prelude for the pianoforte alone, in which the rhythmical interruptions, the startling changes of key, and the indecision of theme, are tokens of unpremeditation; while the coherence of the whole and its constant climax to a purposed point, show the beautiful organization of a mind that was orderly and symmetrical in its moments of utmost wildness. What is styled the Finale begins where the basses enter with a brief but distinct subject. The phrases of this are interspersed with pianoforte passages of the same free character as the foregoing; but other orchestral instruments successively appear as if to curb the fitful fancy of the extemporist, and call it within formal restrictions. Thus is introduced the Allegretto. Of this, the pianoforte has the simple theme. A variation for the flute follows; then one for the oboes; then a third for the clarionets and bassoon; and the fourth variation employs the string instruments. An extension of this introduces the rest of the orchestra, and the pianoforte presently re-appears with new matter that is a consequence but not a part of the theme. The continuity of this portion of the piece excellently relieves the rhythmical squareness of the Air and of the Variations; but this is again welcome when, first the solo voices, and afterwards the chorus take up the theme. Finally, the noble Coda shows the greatest strength of the master, and here we find him seizing on every word that admits of particular expression, as an occasion to enforce and vary his musical effect—for instance, the striking use of the chord of E flat on the word "pow'r" appears to be the point whence radiates all the brightness of the conclusion.

The original poem is by Christian Kuffner.

The following new translation is by Mrs. Macfarren.

Soft and sweet, through ether winging,
Sound the harmonies of life;
Their immortal flowers springing
Where the soul is free from strife.

Peace and joy are sweetly blended,
Like the waves' alternate play;
What for mastery contended,
Learns to yield and to obey.

When on music's mighty pinion
Souls of men to Heaven rise,
Then doth vanish earth's dominion,
Man is native to the skies.

Calm without, and joy within us,
Is the bliss for which we long;
If of art the magic win us,
Joy and calm are turned to song.

With its tide of joy unbroken,
Music's flood our life surrounds;
What a master-mind hath spoken
Through eternity resounds.

Oh! receive, ye joy-invited,
All its blessings without guile;
When to love is pow'r united,
Then the gods approving smile. — *Ibid.*

The Four Overtures to "Fidelio."

[Mr. G. GROVE (in the *London Musical World*) translates as follows from the "Beethoveniana" of Herr Nottebohm.]

It is usually believed that the Overture published as Beethoven's Opus 138 was written in the year 1805, and formed the first in the series of the "Overtures to Leonora." This, however, is irreconcilable with certain facts which I will endeavor to lay before the reader.

It will be necessary, in the first place, to examine the materials upon which the ordinary belief in this matter is based.

No autograph score of the Overture is known to exist. All that we at present possess is an ancient MS. copy of the score and orchestral parts, both of which have been examined and corrected by Beethoven himself. There is no note on either of the date of the composition, but the first violin part bears the following title:—

Overture in C
Charakteristisch
Overture
Violino Imo

The words "Overture" and "Violino Imo" are by the copyist. The others "in C," "Charakteristisch Overture," have been afterwards added by Beethoven. Both score and parts were purchased by Tobias Haslinger, at the sale of Beethoven's effects in November, 1827, and are at present in the possession of the firm of Haslinger, at Vienna. The *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 111) contains a statement to the effect that Haslinger had bought a packet labelled "Dances and Marches, &c.," at some absurdly low price, and that the packet was found to contain the score and parts of an unknown Grand Characteristic Overture, which, according to the recollections of Schluppanzigh, had been tried over by the composer,—as, indeed, was evident from its containing his own corrections in red pencil. Early in 1828 Haslinger announced the approaching appearance of the work in the *Münch. Musikzeitung* as "Grosse charakteristische Overture, 138 werk," a title which agrees in all essential respects with Beethoven's own inscription already quoted. The work, however, as we shall see, eventually appeared under another title.

The performance of the Overture after its discovery was at a Concert of Bernhard Romberg's at Vienna, on Feb. 7th, 1828, the report of which in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 225), speaks of the "great interest excited by Beethoven's last Overture, in MS., from his Remains." The same thing is repeated in the *Vienna Theater Zeitung* for 1828 (pages 68 and 82), while in the *Sammler* for Feb. 28th, 1828, we find: "At this Concert an Overture was given, from Beethoven's Remains, a work which, to judge from its quiet character, belongs to his early period." The second performance took place on the 13th of the following March at one of the *Concerts Spirituels*, in the programme of which it is announced as "Grosse Charakteristische Overture von Beethoven (MS.)." Other reports may be found in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 296); the *Berlin Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 215); and the *Vienna Theater Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 151).

It is evident from the foregoing that up to March 1828 nothing was known of the date at which the Overture was composed; nor is anything said to lead to the conclusion that it was recognized as belonging to *Leonora*. It was published, however, in the year 1832 or 1833, by Haslinger, under the title, "Overture in C, comp. in the Jahr 1805 zur Oper *Leonore*," &c., and in the first edition of Schindler's *Biography*, (1840) p. 58, (compare the 3rd edition i. 127, ii. 42), it is mentioned as the first of the four Overtures to *Leonore*, and as therefore composed before the so-called "No. 2," which was played when the Opera was first put on the boards, in 1805. With these notices, in so far as they give 1805 for the date of composition, all later statements agree; and they evidently form the foundation of the belief mentioned at the outset of these remarks.

I have, now, however, to mention a fact which has made its appearance during my examination of a large collection of Beethoven's Sketches, and is in direct opposition to the ordinary assumption.

On the upper side of a leaf of Sketches are found fragments belonging to the second and third movements of the C Minor Symphony.

Turning over the leaf we find the top staves of the second page occupied with the following passage from the transition to the *Finale* of the same Symphony:—(we omit quotation.)

And this again is immediately followed by a page belonging to the Overture, Op. 138:—(quotation.)

From this it is evident that the Sketches for the Overture were made later than those for the Symphony.

We turn now to a collection of Sketches, consisting of four consecutive sheets, containing 16 pages, and belonging to the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" of Vienna. On the first page we find, amongst others, the following, belonging to the C Minor Symphony:—(quotation.)

On the second page are Sketches for the Overture, extending connectedly through 12 pages, of which the following quotations will give an idea:—



These again are followed by a Sketch for the first movement of the Violoncello Sonata, Op. 69. (quotation.)

From the contents and relative positions of the above quotations, it is evident that the Overture was begun when the C Minor Symphony was near its close, and that it was completely sketched when the Violoncello Sonata was first taken in hand.

The time at which the Overture was commenced would be more exactly ascertainable if we knew when the Symphony was either finished or near its completion. On this point, however, we have as yet no exact information. The original MS. does not exhibit any date. Schindler's first edition (p. 69) states that the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies were written in 1806, 7, and 8; but the third edition says that the C Minor was written at Heiligenstadt, where Beethoven was residing in the year 1808. Little reliance, however, can be placed on Schindler's statements. Thayer (*Chron. Verzeichniss*, p. 74) also gives 1808 as the date of composition, but with a note of interrogation. The list appended to the contract with Clementi, and dated the 20th of April, 1807, does not mention the Symphony at all, from which it is fair to infer that it was not at that time ready. The earliest date on which we can absolutely rely is the 22nd December, 1808, the day of the first performance of the Symphony; and this, therefore, limits the period of composition on one side. On the other side there are the following limitations. We can safely say that the Fifth Symphony was composed after the Fourth. Now, we know from the autograph that the Fourth was composed in 1806. It is, therefore, plain that neither the Fifth Symphony nor the Overture can have been written earlier than 1806, 7, or 8. But if the contract with Clementi may be taken as evidence, we can come still closer, and say that both Symphony and overture were composed sometime between April 1807, and December 1808.

The Violoncello Sonata, being written after the Overture, is of no assistance in the enquiry. Although published in 1809, it was most probably ready in January, 1808, if not sooner.

The arguments already drawn from the sketches are corroborated in other quarters. In the *Journal des Luxus und der Moden* of January, 1808, is the fol-

lowing communication from Vienna:—"I have much pleasure in informing you that Beethoven has just finished a Mass, which is to be executed at Prince Esterhazy's on the Festival of the Virgin. *Fidelio* will very shortly be brought out in Prague, with a new Overture. The Fourth Symphony is in the press," &c., &c. The Mass referred to is that in C, Opus 86, which was sung for the first time at Eisenstadt on the 13th of September, 1807; but which was not complete in the preceding July, as may be seen from the letters communicated by Mr. Pohl to the *Grenzboten*, 1868, No. 46. It follows, therefore, that the letter just quoted must have been written between July and the beginning of September. That by the "new Overture" is meant that in C major "Opus 138," is evident from the following considerations. Seyfried, in the appendix to his book of *Beethoven Studies*, published in 1832, after speaking of the success of *Fidelio* in 1806, says—"For the Prague Theatre Beethoven wrote a new and less difficult Overture, which Haslinger purchased at the auction, and will probably publish before long"—to which remark Haslinger adds—"The Overture is already engraved in score and parts, and will be published in the course of this year (1832) in various arrangements.

The story is now perfectly clear. The German opera in Prague was to have opened in the beginning of May, with *Fidelio* or (*Leonora*), for which Beethoven was to write a short and easy Overture, in place of the long and difficult one with which his opera had been given in Vienna the year before; and it is this Overture that was published as Opus 138. Being thus composed in the year 1807, it is not the first, but the third of the *Leonora* overtures; and that hitherto known as No. 2 (1805) is the first, and No. 3 (1806) the second. The fourth in E major remains in its old position, although as we shall presently see, it was nearly being No. 5.

It is difficult to understand how Haslinger, being aware, as he was, of Seyfried's statement, should, on the title page of his edition have named 1805 as the year of the composition of the Overture. One way, however, there is of accounting for this. At the time the Overture was printed only two overtures to *Leonora* were known. Thus in the Vienna *Allgemeine Musikalische Anzeiger* of March 17th, 1831 (Haslinger's own publication) we read—"At the third Concert Spirituel, on the 10th inst., Beethoven's rarely-performed overture to *Leonora* (afterwards called *Fidelio*) was played. Beethoven is known to have superseded this work by another, as being too long for dramatic effect, and too hard for an ordinary orchestra." The Vienna *Theaterzeitung* for 1831 speaks at page 135 of the same concert, and praises the execution of the concluding *presto* of the overture—"a piece in which it is hard indeed to make the violins go well," &c. The *Allgemeine musik Anzeiger* of April 21st, 1831, says—"We have reason to believe that at the approaching performance of *Fidelio* at the Court Theatre the two Overtures will be given alternately;" and on the 12th of April, 1832, "at the performance of *Fidelio* for Madame Fischer Achten's benefit—the Overture was that originally composed for the opera, but afterwards laid aside on account of its immense difficulty." There can be no doubt that the two Overtures mentioned in these extracts are the great one in C major of 1806, and the fourth in E major of 1814. Now it must have been known that Beethoven wrote more than two *Leonora* overtures, and that the opera was produced in 1805 with a different overture to that played at its reappearance in 1806. But still, at that time, very little can have been known of the 1805 overture (the actual first), beyond its bare existence, or indeed until its performance at Leipzig in 1840 and its publication in 1842 as "No. 2." And as the occurrence of the passage from Florestan's air in the overture Opus 138 fixed it as one of the *Leonora* overtures, so the assumption was easy that it was the 1805 one, and in this way the addition of that date to the title of Haslinger's edition may be explained.

Of the existence of the Prague overture Schindler had no knowledge; he has assumed Haslinger's date as correct, and, as far as I know, he was the first to arrange the four overtures in the chronological order in which they are at present generally accepted; but it must not be overlooked that neither he nor Haslinger has given us anything in confirmation of the assumed date of Opus 138, and all efforts have hitherto proved unavailing to discover its source, or to find any authority which should in any way corroborate its accuracy. In fact the date is one which never has been, nor can be sustained, and which rests entirely upon itself.

Schindler's farther statement has anything but a probable sound. His words (i. 127, ii. 42 and 43) are as follows:—"The Overture was hardly finished before Beethoven's confidence began to be shaken in it. His friends were of the same opinion. A

rehearsal with a small orchestra was arranged at Prince Lichnowsky's, at which the work, as a whole, was found unsuitable for a prelude to the opera. Neither in ideas, style, or character, did it suit the taste of the tribunal, and it was therefore laid aside." One cannot resist asking who it was that constituted this musical tribunal to which Beethoven submitted himself; and, indeed, who ever heard of his submitting himself to such judgment? The utmost that can be true in the whole history is that the overture was rehearsed at Prince Lichnowsky's, and that Beethoven himself discovered imperfections in it and decided on altering them; and this falls in with other considerations which shall be mentioned, and which it is hardly necessary to say will (like the foregoing) be in direct opposition to Schindler's statements.

In the MS. copy of the Overture mentioned at the outset of these remarks, there are many alterations in Beethoven's hand, made at a later date, probably in the year 1814, when he undertook the final revision of his opera. Some of these alterations are only indicated and not thoroughly carried out, and in every case the original reading is legible. The appearance of the MS. shows conclusively that it cannot have been a copy made for the press or considered as complete for publication, a fact directly at variance with Schindler's assertion (ii. 42), that Beethoven in the year 1823 was meditating the immediate publication of the Overture "Op. 138," which had been in the hands of Steiner & Co. for several years—an assertion which is as incorrect as another of his statements (i. 127), that the firm of Steiner & Co. had already (that is to say, in 1805) acquired the copyright of the Overture, Steiner's firm not having come into existence until the year 1815. But to proceed. Some of the alterations can be read in two ways, and therefore would only puzzle the engraver and lead to mistakes in the publication. In the editions of Haslinger and Breitkopf all the intelligible and available alterations have been included.*

But this was not all. When he was preparing the opera for its third appearance, in 1814, he took the Overture in hand and entirely remodelled it. The principal themes were retained, but the key was changed into E major. That in this form it was intended for *Fidelio* there can be no manner of doubt; for, in the sketches, the chief themes of the Overture are intermixed with passages from Florestan's air at the beginning of the second act.

Beethoven, however, did not carry these intentions into practice, but wrote instead the well known Overture in E major. Had he done so we should probably have had five overtures to *Leonora*, and the Overture of 1807 would have been regarded as the forerunner of a fourth in 1814, just as that of 1805 (the real No. 1) is now regarded as the parent of that of 1806. It seems probable that when Beethoven first thought of an entire revision of the overture Op. 138 he put it before him in its original form and key, made a few alterations, and added the title "Characteristic Overture." The question now remains. If, according to the ordinary belief, the Overture Op. 138 was composed in 1805 and was the actual first of the *Leonora* overtures, is it explicable, is it possible to believe that, at the final revision of his opera, in the year 1814, he should have gone back to a work from which he was separated by so enormous a gap as the two great Overtures of C major?

*It may be interesting here to draw attention to the principal of these corrections in the Introduction, bars 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, which Beethoven has altered and shortened by a whole bar.

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.—No. 6.

(From the London Choir.)

In the evening I followed the usual custom of the musical people of Dresden, and went to the Opera-house, a huge temporary wooden building, capable of seating three thousand persons, erected shortly after the lamentable fire at the late splendid Opera-house, which was totally destroyed. The prices of admission varied from 3s. 6d. to 9d., the house being so constructed that every one could both hear and see well. I had a front stall in the "parquette," immediately in front of the stage and orchestra, and I was delighted to find on receiving a programme that my long wished for opportunity of hearing one of Wagner's most popular operas in Germany was now to be gratified. We were to have the "Meister-singer," and it was certainly put upon the stage and performed most effectively. The orchestra consisted of about sixty performers, directed by that able musician and composer Dr. Julius Rietz, Mendelssohn's friend. Whether from the intense heat and the want of proper ventilation in the building, or from the want of repose, variety and relief in the music, I was quite overcome at the end of the first act, and was com-

pelled to return to my hotel—perhaps a wiser, but certainly a sadder man. Undoubtedly Wagner's instrumentation is the work of a master and not for one moment does he apparently allow the performers to indulge in the luxury of a few bars rest. Nearly every instrument in the orchestra seemed to have an obligato part, and all were playing at one and the same time. It was impossible to catch more than the ghost or fragment of a tune. No sooner did the ear find a snatch of pretty melody when it instantly gave place to another equally brief; every conceivable device seemed to be employed to render every subject peculiar and fragmentary, and yet undoubtedly many of the dramatic situations were powerful and effective. Especially interesting was the opening portion of the opera at the conclusion of the singular and overwrought overture. Here the scene in the church, the groupings, and never ceasing action of two or three score of people on the stage, undoubtedly excited lively interest, and seemed to be highly and fully appreciated by the composer's numerous admirers, who were present in full force, and some of whom did their best to impress upon my mind the sublime superiority of this and other Wagnerian effusions over the masterpieces of those great musicians whom either my education or my prejudices had taught me to esteem the highest. I did not hear very much of Wagner's music, but what I did hear I can conscientiously say I did not like. Richard Wagner's music may possibly be worthy of association, as his admirers affirm, with the greatest operatic inspirations of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Rossini and Meyerbeer; it may be possessed of many of the highest attributes of the art; it may, and does undoubtedly interest a large section of his countrymen; it may in its association with the dramatic books of his own construction produce novel and startling effects; but it will never, in my humble opinion, become popular with those who love music for music's sake, and believe that melody, form and rhythm, and clearness of design are essential elements in all good and beautiful music. The works of the great masters, which defy the inroads of time, possess the two essentials of life and greatness, beauty and truth; beauty as evidenced in its inspired tune and loveliness; truth in conforming to the canons of art and to those rules of composition by which the man of genius avails himself of scholarship, to cement and consolidate his ideas. It would seem that Wagner, in his late productions, has aimed too much at mystification, or perhaps he regards it as originality. And yet he has produced pleasing and intelligible music. His opera, "The Flying Dutchman," composed thirty years ago, and produced with considerable success in London this year, is not only natural and flowing in its music, but is sufficiently interesting and original to warrant the assertion that, had this composer followed the bent of his early inclination and genius, he would have brought the whole musical world to acknowledge that he was the great musical apostle his followers and admirers now claim him to be—a claim to which, I venture to think, any but prejudiced people will deny his right.

The day following I visited the Royal Porcelain Stores, and also took the welcome opportunity of seeing the magnificent collection of paintings in the famous and extensive Gallery, where are a number of representations of the interiors of churches by Peter Neuf, which will well repay careful study—and notably a remarkable effort of Ghering's, painted in the year 1665, in which there appears a large organ, elevated on a screen over two arches; but all this has been so frequently described elsewhere, that any further account is unnecessary. In the evening, after having been present at one of those sumptuous dinners for which the large hotels in Dresden are so celebrated, I repaired to the charming Belvidere Gardens on the banks of the Elbe, and there listened to the usual excellent band in the company of hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in a similar tranquil way, and apparently intensely appreciative of the pleasant strains. The next morning (Tuesday) I proceeded to the Hofkirche and kept my appointment with its well known organist, Herr Gustav Merkel, whom I found waiting for me. He began at once to show the specialties and powers of the noble instrument which, built by Silbermann in 1754, has three manuals and a pedal organ of eight stops; the following being its disposition:—

MANUAL 1.		Feet.	Terz.
Principal	16	13-5
Bordun	16	
Flageolet	16	
Principal	8	
Gamba	8	
Rohrflöte	8	
Trompete	8	
Octave	4	
Spielflöte	4	
Quint.	2-3	
Octave	2	

MANUAL 2.		Feet.	Terz.
Principal	16	13-5
Bordun	16	
Flageolet	16	
Principal	8	
Gamba	8	
Rohrflöte	8	
Trompete	8	
Octave	4	
Spielflöte	4	
Quint.	2-3	
Octave	2	

MANUAL 3.		Feet.	Terz.
Gedact.	8	
Schalmel.	8	
Principal	4	
Rohrflöte	4	
Quint (ged.)	2-3	

MANUAL 4.		Feet.	Terz.
Gedact.	8	
Schalmel.	8	
Principal	4	
Rohrflöte	4	
Quint (ged.)	2-3	

No organ I heard in Germany pleased me better than this; it has a ringing quality of tone of a rich and powerful character, and, were the reeds equal to the flue work, the instrument would, for its size, be quite unsurpassed. As with previous German organists, Herr Merkel politely requested me first to try the organ, which I did by playing some English compositions, that appeared greatly to interest him; and afterwards he performed in his own admirable style Bach's Passacaglia in C minor, one of Schumann's Fugues on the name of Bach, and some of his own charming compositions. The reverberation and echo in this church, when empty, are great indeed, greater than I have heard in our English Cathedrals and large public buildings, and I need scarcely add that this fact considerably militated against the clear and distinct hearing of the music. I ought to mention that the case which contains the organ is one of immense size, excellent design, and most richly ornamented. Most of the 16 ft. metal pipes are placed in front and divided into five compartments.

The next day, in accordance with an invitation, I paid a visit to Dr. Julius Rietz, when we discussed at length musical matters in general, but more particularly the redoubtable Richard Wagner, as well as organ-music, German and English. As with other Germans, I found him also quite unacquainted with any compositions for the king of instruments by Englishmen, and I felt it therefore a pleasure to be able to enlighten this able musician by going through with him not only many excellent works written for the organ, but also several cantatas, anthems, &c., by some of our first composers. On the whole, he seemed somewhat surprised and much gratified by their recital. I was highly pleased to receive from Dr. Rietz a copy of a new and exquisite duet which he had just written for organ and violin, and which, since my return to England, I have frequently introduced (such favor has it earned) at my own organ concerts in Leeds. The pleasure of my visit to this most amiable musician was further enhanced by a promise from him to send me a contribution for my organ book.

On the evening of the same day, after having discovered and supplied myself with many new musical publications of much interest and beauty, I left Dresden for Magdeburg. During the journey a singular incident occurred, which showed unmistakably how well the musical education of the young is cared for in Germany.

At one of the stations (Oschatz) where we stopped for refreshments, a number of boys (probably twenty) returning from school, were met by their companions and also by several young girls, whose joy at returning home was evidenced in their beaming, happy countenances. The whole party quickly formed into a procession, and, marching off two abreast with military precision, headed by the biggest boy, who played a large accordion, sang with excellent time and accent to appropriate words a pretty and simple two-part song.

I reached Magdeburg in the middle of the night, and early on the following morning called upon Dr. Ritter, the organist of the Cathedral, to whom I had a letter of introduction, but to my great disappointment found that he had left home only the day previous for his usual fortnight's holiday, and that the immense Cathedral organ which I had travelled nearly 200 miles to hear, would not and could not, as my informant told me, be played during the doctor's absence. I had, therefore, to content myself with an inspection of the Cathedral, in which are many beautiful objects of art, the marble pulpit especially claiming attention, and with eliciting such information of the organ as the attendants of the Cathedral could afford me. The instrument which now stands in the church was built under the direction of Dr. Ritter by N. Reubke, of Hamselndorf, near Quadenburg, at a cost of 7000 thalers. It has four manuals, eighty-one registers, and 5256 pipes, most of the metal pipes being made of almost pure tin; it has also the advantage of the pneumatic lever, and other modern inventions for facilitating performance. On leaving the Cathedral, which I did with a deep sigh of disappointment, having travelled so far for such small

results, I encountered several troops of artillery just proceeding from the great fortress of Magdeburg, and who have been since, I understand, actively engaged in the thick of the war. I was now anxious to return to my friends at Hamburg, for which hospitable city I left at 11:30 a. m., arriving there safely at 5:10 p. m.

(To be Continued.)

Education in Art.

We must abandon the idea that art is a device of leisure and luxury, a meretricious addition, which the palled appetite of self-indulgence and superfluous wealth makes to its weary stock of the merely useful and the necessary. It is man's inmost dream and longing for perfection, striving to realize itself in external forms. Oh, what hidden poetry there is in all souls! what latent wealth of sentiment, what sensibility to beauty, what yearning for harmony and fine effects of tones and chords in color and tune! Who does not see the secret evidence of an inexhaustible capacity for the enjoyment and use of beauty in color and form, in every lovely woman's dress, however humble,—the twist and folds of her hair, the plaits in her bodice, the sweep and set of her skirts, the neatness and finish of her simplest attire? And what American home—ay, cabin—has not some shrine of taste, even though it were only the white curtains in the spare room, the few pictures, perhaps cut from the newspaper, over the daughter's chest of drawers, or the posy stuck in a broken bottle upon the mantle piece? . . . We commend this example, then, to our village circles. Three times in the year, at least, have a series of tableaux in your town hall. Let all the people come together. Make the occasion one of charity. Let it build up, now this, now that, religious or philanthropic cause. Let all join to aid the Congregational, the Episcopal, the Unitarian or Universalist Society, which ever happens to be the beneficiary for the day. Mutual consideration and common charity will thus be promoted; above all, taste and beauty will creep into the community. Worship will catch unexpected inspiration; home will grow more artistic and beautiful; sparks of genius will be struck out of many cold-seeming breasts; old people will appear in new characters; many prejudices will be softened; sectarian rancor will subside; and the wealth and richness of humanity will come out of what seemed monotonous and unpromising spheres. Dull and vulgar life will put on a little bravery and ornament; the taste for pictures will grow; the better art journals will be taken; more attention given to domestic and church music; a finer sense of color and form in nature be developed; and the sacred and divine mission of art be sped on its way, in a country now so bare of its refining influences, yet so ready to carry it, finally, to a pitch never before realized in religion or common life.—*Old and New.*

WHY OUR ART IS POOR. The Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettanteism and holidays. Now they languish because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our government have ordered to be made for the capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the Demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading-room, the telegraph, the post-office, the exchange, the insurance company, and the immense harvest of economical inventions are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants; and their fruits are the superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; they are indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his immortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.—*Emerson.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, DEC. 7.—Since my last letter quite a number of more or less important events have occupied our musical attention. There is doubt whether the concerts of the Chicago Quintette Society will be carried through the season, they were given at so great a loss. This, however, was partly owing to bad management. The advertising and other expenses were made too great. Of concert troupes we have had three or four. The Lefranc concerts were very poorly attended. Miss Kellogg had a small house, yet larger than Lefranc. The Barnabee troupe came nearest being what it purported. Mrs. H. M. Smith was greatly admired for her simple and unaffected way of singing. Arbuckle's melody playing has never been surpassed here. Barnabee himself, of course, was the trump card—if you know what that means. In the West everybody is supposed to know the mysteries of Euchre, Draw Poker, and other similar games of genius.

Miss Adelaide Phillips came here for two concerts last week. She employed a small orchestra led by Mr. Grossenrth, a very good but terribly ungraceful conductor. The accompaniments were fairly done (much better than what I hear of Maretzek's performances for Nilsson), but the oboes and clarinets were rough enough. The programmes did not strike me as interesting, though I have been assured by members of the troupe that they were excellent. Miss Phillips sang Handel's noble old melody "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," as she alone can sing it, and "*Una voce poco fa*," and some lighter things among which "*Comin' thro' the rye*." In this latter she puts in a run near the end that almost spoils the song for me. The entire artistic interest of the concert centred in Miss Phillips, and, as she confined herself to one good song in each programme, it was no wonder the public gave her hardly a larger house than it had already given Kellogg. One Sunday, however, she and Lévy were engaged to sing at Unity Church at the regular Organ Concert, the price of which was raised to fifty cents, for the benefit of the Sabbath School. The house was crowded, nearly seven hundred dollars being taken. The success was complete. Miss Phillips sang in her best method Costa's "*I dreamt I was in heaven*," and "*Pieta*" from the *Prophete*. The first was the grandest artistic triumph that our concert-rooms have witnessed for many years. From all quarters I learn that the impression was most profound. There is one point in Miss Phillips' singing that I must make bold to criticize, and that is the noise of her aspirations. I do not think it at all necessary that the breathing should be audible throughout a large hall, as in this case, and I speak of it because it is the one blemish on what else were well-nigh perfect. I ought to have particularly referred to Miss Phillips' singing in "*Una voce poco fa*," which was the most finished piece of vocalism ever heard here, as many say. Not having been here so long, I cannot say. The price of concerts must be lowered or small houses will always ensue. People will not pay opera prices for one or two good songs.

In this Sunday Concert Mr. Creswold played the *Andante con moto* from Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, *Monastery Bells*, and the *Overture to Tancredi*. This gentleman is one of the most pleasing popular organists in the country, having a very discriminative taste for orchestral effects. In my description of his technique as being "showy but superficial," I was perhaps rather sweeping, and as I have been repeatedly called to account for it, I now rise to explain. By a showy technique I mean command enough of the organ to appear to play almost everything, and facility in stop-work enough to make rapid and effective changes. By "superficial" I mean to say that the pedal playing is not phrased, the man-

uals in intricate passages are not always clear, and that all light un-organ-like music is better performed than that which is proper to the instrument. Nevertheless this gentleman is really an acquisition to our city, and as a popular player his failings lean to virtue's side.

Mr. Dudley Buck's recitals continue. I append programmes:

Fourth.	
Sonata in D minor, Op. 15.....	J. A. Van Eyken.
Andante, from the "Sonata Pastorale," Op. 28.....	Beethoven.
Theme, Variations and Finale in A flat.....	Thiele.
Pictures from the Orient, Op. 66, No. II.....	Schumann.
Transcription, from the Piano Duets.....	Weber.
Prelude and Fugue, on the name Bach.....	J. S. Bach.
Overture to <i>Stradella</i>	Flotow.
Fifth.	
a. Grand Prelude in B minor.....	Bach.
b. Study, No. 6, in Canon Form.....	Schumann.
Concerto, No. 2, in B flat.....	Handel.
Rondo Grazioso.....	Spohr.
Concert Fantasia, on the Prayer from "Der Freischütz,"	F. Lux.
Spring Song and Romance, Op. 69.....	Schumann.
Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor".....	Nicols.
Adagio, Op. 35.....	G. Merkel.*
*Organist to the King of Saxony.	

Of the difficulty of some of these selections I need not inform eastern organists. The audiences at these recitals are of the most select. I am glad to say that the series is a complete financial success. Every single one of these pieces was performed with great finish, and the most perfect neatness, combined with an intelligent artistic feeling.

On the 16th and 17th we have a Beethoven Festival by the Concordia Society. The Choral Symphony will be given, and other great works. *Fidelio* will be given in February. Yours,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

German Music in Italy.

FLORENCE, NOV. 26, 1870. Florence has been called the capital of bad music, and the title is, alas, too well merited. From time to time there is a convulsive, spasmodic effort to introduce classical music. The effort fails and hope dies. A quartet of stringed instruments give several concerts in Lent, and manage to pay expenses; and last spring HANS VON BUELOW gave us two fine orchestral concerts with a good substantial programme. This same great performer is still here. He has ceased to dispute the position of first German pianist with Rubinstein and Tausig in his own country, and has made Florence his home for the present. He is certainly one of the finest living pianists. Perhaps he is not so grand in very difficult octave passages as Tausig, nor has he as much sentiment as Rubinstein; but with an exquisite delicacy of touch he combines a wonderful power of understanding and translating music. He brings out that part of music which has been produced by brain-work, rather than that part which has come purely from the heart. For this reason he is eminently fitted to perform the works of BEETHOVEN, and during this month he has given us three concerts devoted exclusively to that composer. On the first evening he gave his early productions—none later than 1801,—consisting of a piano solo:

"Sonata quasi fantasia, Op. 27, No. 1." Duets: piano and violin, and piano and violoncello; and a trio of piano, violin and violoncello. The second evening was devoted to the second period of Beethoven's development, ending about 1808; and the third evening gave us works composed between that date and 1821. The opportunity of studying the great prince of composers was most admirable, the execution could not be surpassed; the position of the concert hall was convenient to all; and the price of tickets was reasonable. What was the result? Barely two hundred people were present! Russians, Germans, English and Americans formed the audience. Italians were sprinkled in here and there, and the few who did come disturbed the rest by talking, for 'tis their nature to."

Let us therefore take this example, added to many others, as a proof that the Italians as a nation do not

love classical music, and why? Principally, I think, for two reasons, the first of which is *habit*. Their ears are accustomed to melodies, and not to carefully studied harmonies. It is not the fashion to like harmonies. An Aria is what every young lady is expected to warble; and an effective, showy waltz is the most elaborate allowable parlor piece. If, on the contrary, classical music should become fashionable, very many would necessarily be fascinated by its intrinsic merits and cultivate the taste for it; but even then it would gain ground but slowly on Italian soil. Secondly, it cannot grow in the peculiar atmosphere of Italian society. The character of the people is exactly the opposite of its character. They decidedly object to depth; not to seriousness, but to excessive solidity. Their diet is not solid. Their wines are light. Their religion is not a severe one. Their exercise is always gentle. The rain in Italy never seems very wet nor fire very hot. The only thing that seems to be very intense is solar heat, and that affects their whole being. Their conversation is sun-shiny, but seldom profound. They consider life in general as rather a sun-shiny affair; and their beau-ideal seems to be to bask peacefully in the sun-shine whenever there is any to bask in. All this is evidently opposed to that patient, reflective, metaphysical German nature, of which classical music is the offspring. Such music, being the result of careful and profound human thought and imbued with sentiment, requires evidently close attention and concentration for its perfect appreciation, besides a certain musical education on the part of the listener. No thought is worth much if its full import is evident at its first expression, and no music is worth much that does not require study and that does not produce new impressions at each repetition. Beethoven's music is eminently of this class. The Italians are certainly capable of understanding it, as far as mental power goes, but it must necessarily be distasteful to them. As one of them said to me: "When I want to study, I take up my geometry; when I seek entertainment, let me have some pleasant light music of Douizetti or Bellini, and none of the idiomatic, problematic and fanatic enigmas of Wagner and the other Teutons."

Finally, let us remark, that all things act reciprocally. If the Italians reject good, nutritious music, they must in turn be influenced by that inferior article which their musical nature lives upon; and we Americans, who are not yet mature as a nation, but still in process of formation, may take a lesson from these happy Southerners. We may lay it down as a law, that every successful effort to cultivate the American taste for classical music is a help toward making the national mind thoughtful and elevated.

SIXELA.

The New Opera, "Gulnara."

BY SIG. MAESTRO LIBANI.

FLORENCE, NOV. 10, 1870.—The production of music in Italy, like its vegetation, is spontaneous and abundant. Naples will soon be put down in the school geographies as "a city of 700,000 inhabitants, etc. Its chief products being macaroni and composers; the difference being that the macaroni is excellent and the composers otherwise." Petrella, however, has real merit and a good style, although he is a Neapolitan. But the author of "Gulnara" is a Roman, and this is his first opera. He is a man about thirty five, of a light built figure, delicate complexion, very black hair and eyes, and an unusually pleasant voice. He has studied at Rome and published numerous minor pieces.

Sig. Libani paid five thousand francs to have his opera put on the stage, besides one-half of the expenses of new costumes, which adds another thousand, and other incidental expenses, such as music copying, etc. The conditions are as usual in Italy. If the opera fails, Sig. Libani loses 6,500 francs. If it is a success, the director of the opera company pays

a certain per cent. of the nett receipts, and the composer is very likely to sell his opera to some music publisher.

The first representation was on Nov. 9th, at the Pagliano, the largest opera house in Florence. The plot is laid in Germany in the 12th century. Job (barytone) is the usurper of his brother's throne, and covets Regina for his bride. Regina (soprano) loves Oberto, a noble of the court. Gulnara (contralto) is a former courtesan of Frederick Barbarossa, and is full of vengeance against the usurping brother Job. Regina is very ill and Oberto swears to do anything that Gulnara may ask of him if she will cure Regina by a secret process known only to herself, and the compact is made. Frederick Barbarossa returns as a pilgrim and learns of Gulnara's plans of vengeance. Regina appears ready for the marriage ceremony. Job steps in and challenges Oberto. Frederick, however, also appears, stops the duel, and banishes Job. In the fourth and last act, Job is discovered on the seashore. Gulnara brings Oberto to the spot and swears to put an end to Regina unless Oberto stabs Job. Frederick appears again just in the nick of time to save Job. Gulnara comes in and recognizes her former king and confesses her plan, which was that Oberto was to kill Job, his own father, to avenge the supposed death of Frederick. Gulnara blesses Regina and Oberto, and dies.

There is nothing striking or original in the plot; there is little incident and no real climax. The chorus stands helplessly looking on, and seems almost like the chorus of a Greek tragedy. The whole plot lacks unity, and the music is in harmony with the plot. There are numerous bits of harmony and passages that are very pathetic. The tenor solo in the third act, and a final sextet with full orchestra are really excellent; but the connecting passages are awkward and unmeaning. The composition of the opera shows decided immaturity. The composer has made use of all his instrumental force throughout the opera. To be sure, he has balanced the instruments very well, but the uninterrupted, full volume of sound becomes monotonous; and Sig. Libani has furthermore an unfortunate tendency to make long crescendo movements with a loud explosion of brass instruments at the end. The bassoon seems to be a favorite instrument with him, and its frequent prominence produces a most unpleasant effect. The vocal part of the opera is melodious only for the tenor. The contralto part descends almost into loud recitation; and the bass generally meanders carelessly among his five lowest notes. The composer frequently leaves the singers unsupported by the instruments. This effect is often very pleasing, especially in *piano* choruses well performed; but the Italians sing too much by ear to execute this style of music well, and consequently the two choruses of that nature failed most pitifully: one, on the stage, where the tenors took the wrong note, and another, behind the scenes, where they were all out of time. On the whole it may be said that the vocal part is monotonous and commonplace; that the composer has paid much greater attention to the orchestration; that the opera shows careful work and little sign of great genius. We should say that Sig. Libani had studied Gluck and Wagner and that he was a weak dilution of them both, lacking the characteristic clearness and purity of the former, as well as the daring boldness of the latter. "Gulnara" will probably cross neither the seas nor the Alps; but there is a possibility that the name of Libani may do so at some future day. We remember that *Traviata* was hissed at its first representation, and *Sonnambula* for the first six nights; and yet Verdi and Bellini have won much fame.

The Pagliano was quite full and the audience was unusually attentive and quiet. The "claqueurs" and friends of the composer managed to create some applause during the first three acts; but a dead silence at the end of the opera told plainly that it had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The

probability is that Sig. Libani will pocket his disappointment and a loss of 6,500 francs.

The failure of this individual is however of little importance except in its generic signification. The system of producing new operas only at the expense of the composer is evidently disastrous to the development of genius. No young man dares to attempt an opera unless he has five or ten thousand francs to spare; whereas a competent jury might be formed to decide knowingly whether a work had real merit and was worthy of representation or not. In which case every aspirant to musical fame might do his best and in case of failure his time only would be lost.

SIXELA.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 17, 1870.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven.

God consecrates his high-priests with an oil
Of unction, potent far beyond our dreams,
And leads them where his awful glory beams,
Through rugged pathways of divinity's toll;
For peace comes perfectest thro' life's turmoil;
And crowned souls, like crowned heads, must bear
Of anguish, more than joy, a royal share,
(Ay, though with compressed lips and heart recoil!)
For the great joy evolved therefrom to Man.
And so we mourn not o'er the drear estate
Which shadowed thee, Beethoven, with its ban,—
A price how small for privilege how great!—
When thy locked sense groped upward and found there
The shining ladder reaching through the air.

J. H. B.

To the Statue of Beethoven in the Music Hall.

With downcast brow, as wrapt in musings grand,
Thou standest ever, through the lonely night,
Or when the hall, through all its listening height,
Echoes thy music from some master hand.
O wondrous heaven-taught spirit, who hast planned
These magic-woven harmonies aright
To hold us spell-bound in a strange delight,
While each emotion starts at thy command,
Cannot the subtle language of thine art
Waft us some message from the silent shore
Thrilling the depths of every world-worn heart?
A childish longing! Thou hast told before
What we, at best, interpret but in part:
We could not understand thee telling more.

—Harvard Advocate, Dec. 9.

The Centennial Celebration.

One hundred years ago to-day, in the Electoral city of Bonn upon the Rhine, of humble parentage, was born the Great Musician, whose harmonies are ringing through the world as the most fitting medium men can find for the expression of the universal heart-felt honor to his memory. For what can we say of him, which his own music, through a thousand tongues, in forms as manifold and fresh and individual as the creations of a Shakespeare, do not say for us with an eloquence and power surpassing human speech? Who shall express him truly, if it be not himself? Who declare his meaning, if we do not feel it in his Symphonies?

In the Elector's service, like his fathers, he grew up there in Bonn, while the fierce Revolution was growing and ripening into the whirlwind that swept away the Electorate and changed so much of the old order of things. His genius, too, his music was full of the new life, the spirit of the New Era. Ideals of a better future, of Liberty and Brotherhood, of Love and Truth and Beauty, of Unity and perfect Order, fired his soul and throb forever in those "struggling chords" which he "tore" out of life's hard experience, and resolved them all into sublime assurance of eternal Joy and Peace. Happy and great must be the Fatherland, which counts among its sons a Beethoven, after a Bach, a Handel, a Haydn, Mozart and so many great ones! United Germany, peaceful and strong, intelligent and just, foremost in

high ideals and good works, shall be but the fulfilment of the song of all her great tone-prophets. How could a people whose civilization has been all impregnated with such deep, earnest music, fail at last to triumph over the more shallow, baneful civilization whose chief ideal was "la gloire" and evermore aggressive? If the music of a people be the expression, as we certainly believe, of the inmost deepest moral quality and instinct of that people, then the ascendancy of Germany in European politics as well as culture has been for two centuries most signally foreshadowed.

But such an influence does not stop with national boundaries; it includes the world. Here in the New World, babes as we were in Art, the music of the modern master was particularly sympathetic to the ideals, the whole spirit of the young, free republic. Beethoven's music speaks to our people with more quickening power than any other. Here in New England, in Boston, nursery of generous ideas and larger culture, Beethoven is as much a household name as Shakespeare. With the hearing of the Fifth Symphony, some thirty years ago, our musical culture and enthusiasm, in any live and earnest sense, may be said to have begun. We knew him before we knew Haydn or Mozart. We began with the greatest; he led in the rest; all the nine Symphonies have become familiar to all musically appreciative persons, and are prized among the very choicest treasures of our life. What city has a calling to take part, in the best way it can, though it be humble, in the universal celebration, if not Boston?

But to our task, which, for the present, is to give our portion of the Commemorative programme, beginning at home.

Beethoven in Boston.

The programme of the week cannot be fairly stated without a glance at the whole season. The Initiative (in honoring the great Symphonist, was naturally taken by the Symphony Concerts, of which the whole series of ten has been made to pivot upon the idea of Beethoven. Not only the concert of this week (the fourth), but the opening concert, Nov. 3, and the closing one of next March (23d) have Beethoven programmes. Moreover the Symphonies of the second and third concerts have represented his great predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, the series to be continued after the birthday by his followers: Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Gade. The presentation of the four "Leonora" Overtures is another significant allusion. Altogether the ten concerts give us of Beethoven's Symphonies: the three greatest, Nos. 5, 7 and 9, the whole season ending with the exquisite, sunshiny No. 8; of his Overtures, all the great ones; the two finest piano Concertos (in G and E flat); the Choral Fantasia, and divers smaller selections.—So much for Boston's own part. Theodore Thomas also caught the spirit, while his admirable Orchestra were here, and gave two noble Beethoven concerts in October, adding to the list of Symphonies the "Eroica" and the "Pastoral," with much more of Beethoven.

And now for the programme of his Birthday Week.

1. *Tuesday Afternoon, Dec. 13.* The Commemoration began with the Public Rehearsal of the fourth Symphony Concert.

2. *Thursday Afternoon.* The Concert, the noblest of the season. Programme: Third and greatest "Leonore" Overture; Soprano Scene from "Fidelio," by MME. JOHANNSEN; Seventh Symphony.—Part II. Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet; Choral Fantasia (Pianist, E. PERABO; select chorus from the Handel and Haydn Society.

3. *Friday Evening,* at Bumstead Hall (lower Music Hall), beautifully adorned with flowers, busts, portrait, &c., a Chamber Concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The programme offered as a specimen of his earlier compositions the Septet in its original form, of the middle period, the great B flat Trio, B. J. LANG pianist; and the last of his string Quartets; besides which Mrs. WESTON was to sing the Song of "The Quail" and "Kennet du das Land."

4. *This Evening,* at the Boston Theatre, his great and only Opera, "FIDELIO," by the combined Richings and Parepa English troupe. This everybody should attend. Report speaks very highly of their performance of it in New Haven; and the Company has given good proof of its resources throughout the week in other operas. *Fidelio*, Mrs. RICHINGS-BERNARD, Marcellina, ROSE HERSEK, Florestan, Mr. CASTLE, Rocco, Mr. DRAYTON, an increased chorus, good orchestra, &c.

5. *Monday,* at 2 1/2 P.M., the Festival will be brought to a grand conclusion by a concert given jointly by the Handel

and Haydn Society and Harvard Musical Association; programme:

Overture to "Egmont."
Quartet (Canon) from "Fidelio."
Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Mrs. C. A. BARRY, Mr. WINCH and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN.
Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet.
Hallelujah Chorus from the "Mount of Olives."
Ninth (Choral) Symphony.

Numerous smaller concerts were contemplated, and reluctantly abandoned for the want of a convenient hall. But enough is as good as a feast.

NEW YORK. The Beethoven programme of the Philharmonic Society for this evening promises the Seventh Symphony; the "Egmont" music, with Frau Lichtmay for singer, and Mr. Vandenhoff as reader; and the E-flat Concerto, played by Marie Krebs.

The Liederkrantz give the Fifth Symphony; the two Finales from *Fidelio*, as well as the Quartet from the first act; the hymn: "Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre;" and the *Sonata Appassionata*, by Miss Krebs.

The Beethoven Männerchor, on the 16th, in the Academy of Music, were to perform *Fidelio*, with the solo artists of the German Opera: Mme. Lichtmay, and Messrs. Habelmann, Vierling and Franosch. And on the 17th, in their new hall, a chorus from the "Mount of Olives," a Quartet for piano and strings, and the "Kreutzer Sonata" by Messrs. Mills and Fr. Mollenhauer.

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. Wolfsohn's second Matinée, Dec. 9, was styled "The Beethoven Memorial," and presented the following works of the great master:

Sonata, D minor, Op. 31.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Romanza, F major, Violin.
Mr. William Stoll, Jr.
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57.
"Adelaide."
Mr. Egerton Dillingham.
Sonata, C minor, Op. 111.

Mr. Charles H. Jarvis gave his Beethoven soirée on the 10th, with this programme:

Sonata, Piano and 'Cello, Op. 5, No. 1. Beethoven.
F major. Adagio. Allegro.
Messrs. Jarvis and Hennig.
Sonata, Piano, Op. 2, No. 2. A major. Beethoven.
Three movements.
Chas. H. Jarvis.
Sonata, Piano and Violin, Op. 47. Beethoven.
Andante con variazioni.
Messrs. Jarvis and Kopta.
Sonata, Piano, Op. 106, B flat major. Beethoven.
Allegro. Chas. H. Jarvis.
Concerto, Violin, Op. 61, D major. Beethoven.
Allegro ma non troppo. [Cadenza by Joachim.]
Wenzel Kopta.
Grand Trio, Op. 97, B flat. Beethoven.
Messrs. Jarvis, Kopta and Hennig.

"The Beethoven Society of Philadelphia," an amateur association of which Mr. Carl Wolfsohn is the founder and director, devote the first of their two concerts (semi-private), to the commemoration of the master. The *Bulletin* says:

The rehearsals for the concert of December 17th are going on so satisfactorily that there can be no doubt of its being a grand artistic success. The Society consists of about eighty ladies and gentlemen, and it is rare to find in such a number so many beautiful voices. They have mastered the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the *Mount of Olives*, the lovely quartet from *Fidelio* (as a chorus), one of the Devotional Songs—"The Heavens are Telling"—and the Choral Fantasia. In addition, the splendid trio for soprano, tenor and bass, "Tremate, empi, tremate," a work of rare difficulty, will be sung by three of the members, and perhaps the grand dramatic solo for soprano, "Ah Perfido," will also be given. The orchestra will play the overture to *Egmont*, and the Andante and last movement of the C minor symphony.

The West Philadelphia Choral Society had their Beethoven Concert on the 8th, in Concert Hall.

The special attraction thereof was the mass in C; a noble work, and full of inspiration. It is to be regretted that no other place could be had for its production, for much of the effect of the very creditable performance of the Society was lost by reason of the very indifferently acoustic properties of the hall. Very careful rehearsal had evidently preceded the production of this work, and we take occasion, again, to compliment Mr. Pierson in this regard, and to congratulate the Society upon the possession of so competent a conductor. The solos in the mass, is right to say, might have been, with one exception, perhaps, entrusted to more competent persons.

The soprano was by no means equal to the requirements of the music, and the tenor, we believe, can do infinitely better. A small but well-constructed orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Dietrich, performed the "Egmont Overture," and the glorious overture to "Leonora," No. 3. It also gave the accompaniments to the Mass, and to the final chorus (Hallelujah) from the "Mount of Olives," with which the concert concluded, and which was also well sung by the Society, though it would have been vastly more effective if taken less rapidly.—*Ibid.*

The second of Miss Jackson's concerts, known as the Parlor Concerts, which will be given Monday evening, Dec. 19th, will be devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven. The instrumental works consist of the favorite "Ghost Trio," played by request; the celebrated "Triple Concerto" for piano, violin and 'cello; and the great string quartet. Op. 74, known as the "Harp Quartet." The programme will be further enriched by M. Emil Gastel, the eminent vocalist, singing three of Beethoven's songs. With the exception of the Trio, all these works are new to a Philadelphia public.

MILWAUKEE. The Musical Society had two evenings of celebration: Dec. 6, at St. John's Cathedral, and Dec. 9, at Music Hall. On the former occasion the *Marcia funebre* from the Heroic Symphony, and the entire Mass in C were performed, under the direction of Mr. R. Schmelz, with accompaniment of orchestra and organ. On Friday evening a concert, with an orchestra of fifty, and this programme:

Overture to "Egmont."
Seventh Symphony. A major.
Mignon, Song for Soprano. Words by Goethe.
Miss Juliette Austin.
Fifth Concerto for Pianoforte, E flat major.
First movement by Mr. Chas. W. Dodge.
Second and Third movements by Mr. Otto Von Gumpert.
Duetto for Soprano and Tenor (Leonore—Florestan), from "Fidelio," (Second Act, No. 15).
Miss Juliette Austin and Mr. Wm. H. Jacobs.
Romanza, in G. Mr. Emil Weinberg.
Overture, "Leonore," No. 2.

CHICAGO. The Germania Männerchor do the honors here, giving two concerts under the direction of Mr. Balatka:

Friday, Dec. 16.
Jubilee Overture. C. M. von Weber.
Oration on the Life and Works of Beethoven.
Rev. Robert Laird Collier.
Festival Cantata. H. Balatka.
Festival Poem, written by. Dr. C. H. Fessel.
Allegretto and Scherzo, Eighth Symphony. Beethoven.
Grand Aria. Mozart.
Triumphal Battle Song of the Greeks after the Battle of Salamis. Gernsheim.
Saturday, Dec. 17.
Overture, Leonore No. 2 in C. Beethoven.
"Ah Perfido," Grand Aria.
"The Heavens are Telling." Haydn.
"Adelaide." Beethoven.
Aria.
Ninth Symphony.

NEW HAVEN. The city of the Elms led off last week, with a four days Festival, with excellent intention and devoted labor, having organized a "Beethoven Festival Association" for the purpose, and with a programme good and fit (so far as we have seen) in all except the opening and closing items (an English Opera and the "Battle Symphony"). We are sorry to read, therefore, in the *Independent*, that the accounts of the performance are not flattering.

The Richings Opera Company gave a performance of "Fidelio," to which they were not fully equal. The Mass in C was sung, Miss Krebs played the E flat concerto and the sonata characteristic, and there were various other selections, both vocal and instrumental, making, upon the whole, an excellent series of programmes. Unfortunately, the directors were rash enough to attempt the Choral Symphony; and they failed in it. A successful interpretation of that extraordinary work is a rare and brilliant achievement, which would cover any musical society with glory. We do not believe it is possible anywhere in America outside of Boston. The public in New Haven manifested but a languid interest in the festival, and the pecuniary results were disheartening.

MONTREAL. We have the programme of a performance on the 15th, given in the Salle St. Patrice, with a choir of 75 voices and an orchestra of thirty, under the direction of Mr. Boucher:

Overture, "Prométhée." Beethoven.
Sleepers Wake! Choral de "St. Paul." Mendelssohn.
L'Absence—Mélodie. Beethoven.
Le Tremolo (de Debériot). Caprice sur un Thème de Lascia ch'io pianga. Romance de "Rinaldo." Handel.
Cum Sancto Spiritu, Fugue de la "Messe solennelle" Rossini.

Ouverture: "Les Ruines D'Athènes" Beethoven.
Kyrie, de la Messe en Ut.
Andante et Allegro, *Sonata Pathétique*.
Adelaide, Romance (transposée).

Thème de la "Flûte Enchantée," varié par.
Alleluia, Grand Chœur du "Mont des Oliviers"
God Save the Queen, avec les variations propres de

This, for the present, exhausts our available material. Doubtless we shall hear of many more such celebrations in the music-loving cities of the wide land. Of course, the story, were it all told, would fall far short of what is done in Europe, though it speaks well for our young nation.

Of the principal Beethoven Commemorations abroad we have already given the leading features of the various plans, many of which were carried out weeks and months in advance of the actual Birthday. Many more, in Germany, are necessarily postponed by the war. But this will not interfere with the greatest of them, in the city where Beethoven spent the larger part of his life and wrote his greatest works; for we read:

A letter from Dr. Sonnleithner, the only living friend of Beethoven, to a London journal, gives some interesting information respecting the Beethoven centennial in Vienna. The festival is to last four days. On the 16th of December "Fidelio" will be sung, with the finest artists procurable, not only in the leading roles, but even in the small parts and the chorus. A concert on the 17th will include the grand overture in C, with the fugue, the concerto in E, played by Mme. Schumann and the Choral Symphony. On the 18th [Sunday] the Mass in D will be sung. On the 19th there will be a concert of chamber music and a representation of "Egmont."

London, however, does the most, giving in successive Crystal Palace Concerts, until Christmas, all the nine Symphonies, all the Piano Concerts, &c., &c., besides divers whole series of Chamber Concerts. Most remarkable, as also showing the unbounded English appetite for quantity, is the programme of the Philharmonic Concert one day in July, which contained the entire Choral Symphony, the Choral Fantasia, the Symphony in C, No. 1, the Dervishes' Chorus, the Terzetto: "Tremate, empi," and the Scena: Ah! perfido!"

CONCERT REVIEW. Crowded out. Next time.

The Business of Criticism.

(From the New York Tribune.)

A newspaper editor is forced to confront a great many nuisances in the course of his daily labor, but none that are quite so hard to bear as the obtuse though sometimes well-meaning people who cannot see the difference between criticism and advertising. The journalist's right to a free expression of his convictions on political and economical questions is readily admitted; it ought to be equally well understood that his criticisms in the different branches of the liberal arts are deliberate and honest judgments, and an interested person who attempts to influence them commits precisely the same offense as the politician who offers an editor bribes to desert the principles of his party. In every well conducted newspaper the four critical departments, literature, art, music, and the drama, are committed to the care of gentlemen who have qualified themselves, by long study and experience, to distinguish the true from the false in those particular branches, to tell whether a performance is good or bad and why it is either the one or the other, to encourage merit by discriminating praise, and check folly, humbug, and vice with judicious censure. The public are supposed to await their verdict with confidence that it will be the frank and deliberate opinion of men who possess some special qualifications for pronouncing a verdict. At any rate the journalist makes a tacit promise to his readers that his criticisms shall possess this character, and when he allows them to be anything else, he is guilty of false pretenses.

These principles are so plain that it is a wonder how anybody can misunderstand them; yet nothing is more common than for persons otherwise sensible and upright to enter a newspaper office with requests which are dishonorable to those who make them and insulting to those to whom they are made. Sometimes the agents of this petty fraud are vulgar fellows who have not the art to conceal their dishonesty, and then it is easy to turn them out of doors,—as we have often done to our great satisfaction. Such, for example, was the manager who not long ago offered certain critics a handsome sum of money, "to be applied to charitable or other purposes," if they would support an enterprise in which he was about to engage—and in which we are happy to say that he signally failed. Such are the direc-

tors of the so-called "Conservatory Concerts," who inclose with the press tickets a ten dollar bill. These people are not the editor's worst annoyances, because he can kick them without any compunction. But sometimes the insults come from reputable ladies and gentlemen, really unconscious of their offense, and such as these it is harder to deal with. The young lady who brings her volume of silly verses for review, and insists upon having "a nice kind of notice," because she is poor, or because she is ambitious, believes that the business of a critic is "to help people along." Dear Miss! cannot you understand that you are on trial, and the critic is your judge, and the public your jury? What has the editor to do with your personal history? He must not look beyond your book, and, if he does, unless he is a very Rhadamanthus, he cannot be an honest man. The artist who begs us to visit his studio and praise his latest picture,—does he suppose that we have nothing better to do than to advertise him? When his work is on public exhibition we shall go to see it, but we shall go in the interest of the public and not to please the painter; and in the meantime if he wants "a notice" he can write it himself, and have it printed in the advertising columns of *The Tribune* for so much a line. The artists who united a little while ago in recommending us to employ a certain worthy and accomplished gentleman as art critic for this paper, probably did not know that they were committing a gross impropriety, but almost everybody else is conscious of it. The publishers who send us eulogistic reviews of their books, and expect us to print them, probably forget that in courts of justice it is not usual for the prisoner's counsel to write the charge from the bench; and when they urge, as they often do, that the tone of a criticism ought to depend in a greater or less degree upon the liberality of the advertising, they are perhaps unconscious that they are virtually offering the judge pecuniary compensation for a ruling in their favor. The concert-singer who comes here from a distant city, bringing some beautiful encomiums from admiring friends, is sadly disappointed if *The Tribune* refuses to print them in advance of her appearance. The agent of an unknown performer, who asked us confidentially the other day how he could secure the help of the press, was amazed when he was told that he could not secure it at all, and grieved when we assured him that "preliminary puffs" could not be obtained for money, and it was not the business of the critic to help in drumming up an audience. Theatrical agents who vex the editorial patience with entreaties for—"just a few lines to call attention to the advertisement,"—and weary us with offers of free tickets; and, worst of all, the French prima donna, who paves the way for her debut with a noon-day breakfast to the press, or a *petit souper*, at which criticism is to be corrupted in advance with cajolery and champagne,—these are guilty of outrages upon propriety and common sense which are not resented only because they have become so common that their enormity is overlooked. What would be thought of a prisoner on trial, who should ask the judge to dinner?

It is unfortunately true that there are critics who tolerate corrupt proposals, and accept dishonorable civilities, just as there are newspapers with no principle except money-getting; but such critics are not found in the front ranks of journalism; they make their own reputation, find their own level, gather their dirty dollars, and exercise no more influence upon art than the auctioneer or the bill-poster. We have nothing to say of this class of men at present; our business is rather with the authors, actors, and artists of all kinds who refuse to see that the favor of an honest critic is neither to be begged with soft words, nor bought with a bottle of wine, nor conciliated with a costly advertisement; that newspaper offices are not asylums for the relief of the indigent and undeserving; and that no gentleman accepts hospitality and then sits down to write a cold and strictly just analysis of his entertainer's work. Perhaps it is an uncourteous thing to say,—but public exhibitors and performers of all sorts, and their agents and managers, when they visit an editor's office

generally come on impertinent errands. After their books, their pictures, their acting, their music, have been fully judged and pronounced upon, let them be as civil to the journalist as they please; but while waiting for the verdict, they ought in delicacy to keep aloof.

Miss Annie Louise Cary.

The *Portland Advertiser* gives an interesting biographical sketch of Miss Annie Louise Cary, the contralto, who has of late given Bostonians so much pleasure at the Nilsson concerts.

"Miss Cary is a daughter of Maine, and her family still live in the neighboring town of Gorham, where the first indications of her talent are still freshly remembered. Her ancestors lived in North Bridgewater, Mass., and were noted for some generations for their musical attainments. Her grandfather moved to this State in 1815. Her father was bred to the profession of medicine, to which he brought sound sense, good habits, winning manners and an enthusiasm which insured success. Her mother was Maria Stockbridge, of Yarmouth, long deceased, but warmly remembered for her many virtues. In 1842 Dr. Cary was living in the town of Wayne, in Kennebec county, where his daughter Annie Louise, the youngest of the family, was born. He removed some years later to Gorham, where he has ever since resided. It was a musical family, and Annie's true ear and voice were marked at a very early period. She could sing before she could talk plainly, often chiming in with the older members of the household when singing. Though early recognized as a charming singer, she had no musical instruction except what she received at home, until 1859, when, having completed her education at the Gorham Seminary, she went into her brother's family in Boston. There her rich contralto voice appears to have attracted immediate attention, and early in 1860 she was engaged to sing in the quartet choir at Dr. Stowe's church in Bedford street. After two years in Bedford street, she sang for an equal time at Dr. Lowell's church, and for two years more at Dr. Huntington's. During these six years Miss Cary was a pupil of Mr. Wheeler, and received instruction from other teachers in Boston. More and more the possibility of her future opened before her. She began to sing at concerts in the cities and larger towns of New England, and learned to trust her powers. In 1866 she fully determined to visit Europe, in order to get herself under the training of the best masters, and to learn thoroughly the French and Italian languages. Before her departure she gave a farewell concert, to her friends and acquaintances at Gorham. Her father, brothers and sisters assisted at this most enjoyable entertainment, which called out an audience that filled the Congregational church at the village to overflowing. In August, 1866, well provided with letters of introduction to friends in London, Paris and Milan, but otherwise depending on her own resources, she started for Europe. The journey from Boston, through Liverpool, London and Paris to Milan, was accomplished in eighteen days. From London to Milan she was entirely unaccompanied, and passed the last forty hours without food or rest. At Milan Miss Cary met a countrywoman, Miss Whitten, of Boston, since deceased. Together these two ladies devoted eighteen months in unintermitting study to the language of the country and the art of music. Afterward they visited in company, Florence, Rome, Naples and other Italian cities, travelling leisurely, and returning after their vacation to Milan and music. In the ensuing winter Miss Cary was engaged with an Italian troupe to sing in Copenhagen, where she made her debut upon the operatic stage. Her reception here was very flattering, and attracted by the glowing comments of the press, one of the Strakosch brothers presently sent for her to meet him in Stockholm, where she sang for the remainder of the season. At Stockholm she was presented to the king of Sweden by the American Minister, and was received with extraordinary courtesy and attention. The next eighteen months were spent by Miss Cary in Germany, in study, except that during the opera season she returned to Copenhagen. Her services were also in request from time to time at concerts in Hamburg, Brussels and other German cities, and she sang also at Christiania in Norway. Last winter Miss Cary was in Paris, still studying her profession, and in February, through the influence of Mr. Strakosch, she was persuaded to appear in London. Her success there was the crowning triumph of her career and led to the engagement with Strakosch to visit this country with Mademoiselle Nilsson. Her first appearance in New York was on the 19th of September, and since that time she has shared the honors of the fair Swede, whose soaring soprano Miss Cary's rich contralto so admirably supports.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- O Sunny Beam. (O sonnenschein.) 3. A to f sharp. *R. Schumann.* 30
A simple sunny melody with English and German words.
"O sunny beam, O sunny beam,
Deep in my heart now sinks thy gleam,
And with it sinks a welcome guest,
The love-dream in my aching breast."
No, No, No! Yes, Yes, Yes! 3. Bb to f. *McNaughton.* 40
One of the most charming ballads of the season, with a beautiful accompaniment.
"Thro' the daisied meadow straying
Thinking of the old times,
There I met the lassie who went haying
With me long ago, so long ago."
Auld Robin Gray. 4. D to G. 35
The old pathetic Scotch Ballad, sung by Mlle. Nilsson, illustrated with a lithograph of the famous singer.
Tantum Ergo for Two Tenors and Bass. With Latin and English Words. 6. G to a. *Rossini.* 1.00
A fine classical piece where the voices are of a high order of cultivation.
Oh! Padre. (My Father). Trio for male voices from Wm. Tell. 5. E to G sharp. *Rossini.* 40
Little Mischief. 3. D to f sharp. *Keller.* 30
A little home song in the style of a Schottische.
"Dancing feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through,
For the little brain from dream-land,
Brings work enough to do."
The Motherless Boy. Song and Chorus. 3. E minor to G. *Kaufman.* 30
"With neither a stocking nor shoe to my feet,
Trudging all day in the pitiless street,
There's no one will give me a morsel of bread,
Not even a hovel to shelter my head."
Mamma lay me down to rest. 2. F to f. *Howard.* 40
Written for, and illustrated with a lithograph of Miss Cordelia Howard.
"Mamma! lay me down to rest,
I am weak and weary,
Little sister loved me best,
Called me "Brother dearie."
France. Dear France Forever. Song and Chorus. 3. A to e. *Turner.* 30
A National Song for the New Republic.
"Republic of France, Arise!
In thy pride and glory!
Aunder break the ties
Of chains now fettered o'er thee."
Off like a Rocket. Humorous Song and Chorus. 3. D to d. *Connolly.* 30
Rock me to sleep. 4. Eb to e flat. *Benedict.* 40
A beautiful setting of the popular verses by Florence Percy.
Rolling Home in the morning. Humorous Song. 2. F to d. *Egerton.* 30
Don't catch a Butterfly. Song and Chorus. 2. Bb to f. *Smith.* 35

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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